



Thirteenth Hour: 5 to 6 AM

Jesus in prison

My Prisoner Jesus, I have awakened and I do not find You. My heart beats very strongly; it fidgets with love. Tell me, where are You? My Angel, bring me to the house of Caiphas. But I go round and round, I search everywhere, and I do not find You. My Love, hurry, with your hands move the chains with which You keep my heart bound to Yours, and draw me to You, that I may take flight and come to throw myself into your arms. And You, Jesus, my Love, wounded by my voice and wanting my company, draw me toward You; and I see that they have put You in prison. My heart exults with joy in finding You, but I feel it wounded with sorrow in seeing the state to which they have reduced You.

I see You with your hands tied behind You to a column, and with your feet bound and gripped. I see your most holy Face bruised, swollen and bleeding from the horrible slaps received. Your most pure eyes are blackened; your pupils are tired and sad from the vigil; your hair is all disarranged; your Most Holy Person is all beaten up, and You cannot even help Yourself and clean Yourself, because You are bound.

And I, O my Jesus, with a sob of crying, clinging to your feet, say: 'Alas, how You have been reduced, O Jesus!'

And Jesus, looking at me, answers: "Come, oh my child, and be attentive to everything you see Me doing, in order to do it together with Me, that I may continue my Life in you."

To my amazement, I now see that instead of occupying Yourself with your pains, with an indescribable love, You think about glorifying the Father, to compensate Him for all that we owe; and You call all souls around You, to take all of their evils upon Yourself and give to them all goods. And since the day is dawning, I hear your most sweet voice say: "Holy Father, I give You thanks for all I have suffered and for all that is left for Me to suffer. And just as this dawn calls the day and the day makes the sun rise, so may the dawn of Grace arise in all hearts; and as daylight rises, may I, Divine Sun, rise in all hearts and reign over all. Do you see these souls, O Father? I want to answer You for all of them, for their

thoughts, words, works and steps - at the cost of blood and death."

My Jesus, Love with no boundaries, I unite myself to You, and I too thank You for all that You have made me suffer, and for all that is left for me to suffer. And I pray You to make the dawn of Grace arise within all hearts, so that You, Divine Sun, may rise again in all hearts and reign over them.

But I also see, my sweet Jesus, that You repair for all the very first thoughts, affections and words, which, at the rising of the day, are not offered to You to honor You; and that You call to Yourself, as though in custody, the thoughts, the affections and the words of the creatures, in order to repair for them and give to the Father the glory they owe Him.

My Jesus, Divine Master, since we have one hour free in this prison and we are alone, not only do I want to do what You are doing, but I want to clean You, fix your hair, and fuse myself completely in You. So I draw near your most sacred head, and in rearranging your hair, I want to repair for so many minds, distraught and full of earth, which have not one thought for You. Fusing myself in your mind, I want to reunite all the thoughts of creatures within You and fuse them in your thoughts, in order to find sufficient reparation for all evil thoughts, and for so many suffocated enlightenments and inspirations. I would like to make all thoughts one with Yours, to give You true reparation and perfect glory.

My afflicted Jesus, I kiss your eyes, sad and filled with tears. Having your hands bound to the column, You cannot dry them, nor remove the spit with which they smeared You. And since the position in which they bound You is excruciating, You cannot close your tired eyes to take rest. My Love, how gladly would I offer You my arms as bed, to give You rest. I want to dry your eyes, ask for your forgiveness, and repair for all the times we have not had the aim of pleasing You, and of looking at You to see what You wanted from us, what we were supposed to do, and where You wanted us to go. I want to fuse my eyes in Yours, and also those of all creatures, to be able to repair with your own eyes for all the evil we have done with our sight.

My compassionate Jesus, I kiss your most holy ears, tired from the insults of the whole night, and much more so from the echo of all the offenses of creatures which resounds in your hearing. I ask for your forgiveness, and I repair for all the times You have called us and we have been deaf, or we have pretended not to hear You; and You, my weary Good, have repeated your calls – but in vain! I want to fuse my hearing in Yours, and also that of all creatures, to make a continuous and complete reparation.

Enamored Jesus, I adore and kiss your most holy Face, all bruised by the slapping. I ask for forgiveness and I repair for all the times You have called us to offer reparation, and we, uniting to your enemies, have given You slaps and spit. My Jesus, I want to fuse my face in Yours, to restore your natural beauty, giving You full reparation for all the contempt given to your adorable Majesty.

My embittered Good, I kiss your most sweet mouth, hurt by blows and parched by love. I want to fuse my tongue in Yours, and also the tongues of all creatures, in order to repair

with your own tongue for all sins and evil discourses. And I want, my thirsty Jesus, to unite all voices into one with Yours, so that, when we are about to offend You, as your voice flows in those of all creatures, it may suffocate the voices of sin and turn them into voices of praise and of love.

Chained Jesus, I kiss your neck, oppressed by heavy chains and by ropes, which, going from your chest to the back of your shoulders and passing through your arms, keep You bound, very tightly, to the column. Your hands are already swollen and blackened from the tightness of the knots, and they spurt blood from several points. O please, allow me to release You, my bound Jesus; and if You love to be bound, allow me to bind You with the chains of love, which, being sweet, instead of making You suffer, will soothe You. And as I release You, I want to fuse myself in your neck, in your chest, in your shoulders, in your hands, in your feet, to be able to repair together with You for all attachments, and therefore give to all the chains of your love; to be able to repair with You for all the coldness, and so fill the breasts of all creatures with your fire, as I see that You have so much of it, that You are unable to contain it; and to be able to repair with You for all illicit pleasures and for love of comforts, to give to everyone the spirit of sacrifice and love of suffering.

And I want to fuse myself in your hands to repair for all the evil works, for the good done badly and with presumptuousness, and give to all the fragrance of your works. I want to fuse myself in your feet, to block all the steps of creatures, and so repair for them and give your steps to all, to make them walk in a saintly way.

Finally, my sweet Life, as I fuse myself in your Heart, allow me to enclose all the affections, heartbeats and desires, to repair for them together with You, and to give to everyone your affections, heartbeats and desires, so that no one may ever again offend You.

But I hear the noise of the creaking of the key: your enemies are now coming to take You out of prison. And I tremble, Jesus; I feel my blood running cold. You will again be in the hands of your enemies. What will happen to You? I seem also to hear the creaking of the keys of the tabernacles. How many desecrating hands come to open them, and maybe to make You descend into sacrilegious hearts? Into how many unworthy hands You are forced to find Yourself! My prisoner Jesus, I want to be in all of your prisons of love, to be spectator when your ministers release You, and to keep You company and repair for the offenses You may receive.

I see that your enemies are near, while You greet the rising sun on the last of your days. As they untie You, in seeing that You are all majesty and that You look at them with so much love, in return they unload onto your Face slaps so violent as to make It turn red with your most precious Blood. Jesus, my Love, before leaving the prison, in my sorrow I ask You to bless me, in order to receive the strength to follow You along the rest of your Passion.

Reflections and Practices

In prison, tied to a pillar and immobilized, Jesus is smeared with spittle and mud. He looks for our souls to keep Him company. And we - are we happy to be alone with Jesus, or do we look for the company of creatures? Is Jesus alone our only breath and our only heartbeat?

In order to make us become like Him, loving Jesus binds our souls with aridity, with oppressions, with sufferings, and with any other kind of mortification. Are we happy to be bound by Jesus in that prison in which His love places us - that is, obscurity, oppressions and the like?

Jesus is in prison. Do we feel the firmness and the promptness to imprison ourselves in Jesus for love of Him? Afflicted Jesus longed for our souls in order to be untied and sustained in the painful position in which He found Himself. Do we long for Jesus alone to come and keep us company, to free us from the chains of every passion, and to bind us with the stronger chains of His Heart? Do we place our pains as cortege around suffering Jesus in order to remove from Him the spit and the mud which sinners send to Him? Jesus prays in prison. Is our prayer constant with Jesus?

+ My chained Jesus, You made Yourself a prisoner for love of me, and I pray You to imprison my mind, my tongue, my heart and all of myself within You, that I may have no freedom, and You may have absolute lordship over me.